THE

Loyal Citizen:

OR,

SEDITION LAID OPEN.

A

SATYR

Presented to all

LOYAL Citizens and Subjects.

Vivat Rex, Floreat Justitia.

By *J. D.* Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Walter Davis*, 1682.

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CONsidering at this Grand Juncture of Time, the base Scandalous Pamphlets both against Majesty, and Orthodoxal Divinity; the private envy and Aspersions thrown upon so Worthy and Loyal a Person as the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, and the rest of the Loyal Citizens, has forc'd me at last, to send forth this *Satyr*, under the Patronage of all well-wishing Subjects, that you may a little perceive the devout holy Zeal, which these envious *Whigglanders* bear both to *Monarchy*, *Church*, and *People*, wherein you

may partly perceive the Miseries all Loyalists suffer'd in the late Rebellious Times, and what we are to expect and likely to undergo, in case (as God forbid) of a second Relaps. May Heaven of its mercy protect us from it, and that our preservation in peace may be both the continual care of Heaven, and all our Earthly Magistrates, is both the Prayers and Hearty Wishes of your humble, faithful fellow Subject and Servant,

J. D.

TO

TO ALL

Serious Dissenters,

If such there be.

IT is not out of Envy either to you or to any Christian Soul upon Earth, that I have writ this short Pamphlet, but my real Love that I bear both to you and all my fellow Subjects. That you may see how you are led by the Nose, drawn into Disloyal Snares by pretended Zeal, and an out-side Form *of* Divinity, *by those that will speak you fair and* dissemblingly *to the face, and endeavour your ruin behind your backs, by those that care not (so their* interest *be* preserved*) if all the rest of the* World *was destroyed. I will* entreat *so much, that* you *will patiently* read

it

it, and Seriously consider *it, and then if you find me* blame worthy, *let some of* your Scribling Party Answer *it, and you shall hear more from him that is both a Lover of his* King *and* Country,

J. D.

THE Loyal Citizen: OR SEDITION LAID OPEN. A SATYR Presented to all LOYAL SUBJECTS.

BRave *Moor!* thou glory of this Latter Age;
How are we bound to thank thee for thy pity
Thy noble Spirit boldly dares t' ingage
Those Zealots of our once call'd Loyal City,

To

Of

Of Factious Fathers, right the Factious Son,
Who wou'd with Jealousies, and fears, o'errun
Our happy Ile, till we were all undone.
The Churches prayer's, whilst they did all repent,
Cut off the sin, 'gainst one Commandement:
That plainly tells, the Father's sins shall fall
Upon the Sons; Heaven still preserve our Nation;
Therefore to memory those words recall,
From Generation to Generation.

Has Heaven been Kinder, than we could expect,
And shall our Zeal Heavens Kindness still neglect,
And on our Prince (whom Heavens preserve) reflect.
'Tis not so long since, pray call back to mind,
Murd'ring the Sire, then to the Son be Kind;
And say once more your Zeal had made you blind)
'Twas Zeal indeed taught by a homespun Taylor
Doctrine, thats next a Kin to what *James Naylor*
In the late time did preach; 'twas Blasphemy
That *Naylor* taught against our Heavenly King,
But Subtle Short-Cloak dealt more cravenly,
He Sought the ruin of an Earthly King.
Which to our future comforts, let all Know
Created *England* Misery and wo.
Look to great *Maor*, although our Father's sins
Are taken from us, yet our Zeal begins

To

To draw us back unto our Fathers blindneſs,
Taught by pretended *Zeal*, diſſembling kindneſs.
We only want to make our *Eighty Two*
A *Forty Eight*; then after have at you:
Which if they ſhou'd (Great Heaven protect us ſtill)
Out of the pow'r of *Zealots*, and their ills.
Your ſelf muſt then expect no greater pity,
Then poor young Royaliſts from proud *Committee*,
In the late *Times*; ſcarcely a piece of Bread
To ſatisfie their *Hunger*, or a *Bed*
To reſt their weary Loyal *Bones* upon.
They might as well to *Hell* have made their moan,
As unto them, for i' faith it was all one;
Here ſtands a *Baron* cringing to a Sadler,
A Noble Man ſaluting of a Cobler,
Makes his *Addreſſes* to his *Lady Wife*,
Who, at the firſt beginning of her Life,
Was *Dairy Maid* unto his loving *Mother*,
And once from *Hanging* ſav'd her eldeſt *Brother*.
A Gentleman with *Hat* in hand ſalutes
A grave *Old Broker*, yet the Fool *Cowardes*;
For though that Sequeſtration, made 'em rich,
It could not keep their Wives T— from the *Itch*,
But ſome of thoſe poor *Gentlemen* through want,
Was forc'd to be their Drudges, and ſupplant

Number of Horns, to drain their good Wives purses
Their Zealous Wives, such was their fatal Curses,
To work, tho' hard, for what they knew their own,
So that to some at last 'twas all one grown:
For they kept Servants, and yet paid no wages,
Handsome Cash-keepers, Youthful, Grave, all *Ages*,
But yet they was to their Cash-keepers, Pages.
The grave *Committee* was their faithful *Stewards*,
Their Zealous Wives were Cash-keepers in few words;
They had *Estates*, and yet they had no Land,
They had no Money, yet Money cou'd Command,
They *Servants* had, yet *Servants* was their *Masters*,
Altho they *Eat*, their *Servants* are their *Tasters*.

But this good *Fate* did happen but to some,
The rest may Gang to *France* or else to *Rome*.
Fine *World* i' faith, must certain Heaven please,
Had it raign'd longer, we had been diseas'd
With all the *Plagues* of the *Antipodes*.
The *Fools* turn'd *Wise*, the *Wise men* turned *Fools*,
The *Children* gone to *Change*, *Old Men* to *Schools*,
Lie on the *Floor*, and on us laid our *Beds*,
Wore Hat on *Heels*, and *walkid* upon our Heads,
Have *Slept* all *day*, at *night* got up to *Work*,
Left to be *Christians*, and at last turnd *Turk*.

Doubtleſs a ſecond *Babel* had been *Founded*,
And *heaven* one more forc'd the *earth* t'have *drowned*;
Or elſe confus'd their baſe blaſpheming Tongues,
Made them ſpeak *nothing* right but all things wrong,
Inſtead of *Pſalms*, made them ſing wanton *Songs*.

'Tis coming to'e again (*My Lord*) beware
We be not drawn into a *Second Snare*.
There is juſt ſuch illit'rate *Whining Fellows*,
Puffs out their Non-ſence from their *Plaugy Bellows*;
They talk of *Heaven*, of *Angels*, and of *Saints*,
And in the end, againſt Kings make *Complaints*.
They ſpeak of great *Jehovah* and his *Mercies*,
Then preſently call out of *Popiſh Farcies*.
They rail at *none*, but follows right their *Text*,
Yet Bawls out *Plaguily*, if they be vext;
They breath you out (*O Lord*) an Hour together,
Hail, *Rain* or *Snow*, in *Sun-ſhine* or *foul weather*;
Cries out, *Beware!* *Oh!* *Look to your Lives!*
But never tells 'em that they kiſs their *Wives*.
O Lord, *look down on thy diſtreſſed Servants*,
His *Plaguy Subjects* long for great *Preferments*.
They wou'd not be called *Biſhops*, but wou'd fain
Over their *Lands* create a *Second Reign*.

They cry, *Beloved, see poor* Englands *Teachers,*
They're Glutton, Drunkard, Simmonical Preachers.
O my Beloved, are such men as these
Fit to teach Souls, or great Jehovah *please?*
Why, no, they are not, but must all Divines
Learned, and worthy men their fold resign:
For three or four, that's tax'd with tippling Wine.
They dare not speak of private sins that's flown
But rip up other's faults to hide their own;
Thy others faults in pulpit brave can rail
But never speaks of Cudles and Sack Posset,
They with some Zealous Wives in Chamber toss it
Slearing and Simpering as they were afraid,
Stroking the bear Chin, cause they want a Beard,
Drinking the Cuckolds health, who waits below,
And sends his maid, his wives pleasure to know;
At last the zealot to that height is wound,
That down goes Mistris *Zeal* on Bed, or Ground,
They tickle one another to that hight,
Smiling and winking they fall to it streight:
What, does he wink think you to save his eyes,
Or cause he wou'd not see her Dun-Skin Thighs?
No 'twas the sin of Lechery to hide,
O Lord, forgive us, we saw not what we did.

A pretty way both Heaven and Earth to Cheat,
But 'twill not pass, when't comes at Judgment Seat.

When they have done, poor Cuckolds call'd to pray'rs,
Good man, for haste he breaks his shins up-stairs,
Devoutly Kneels at one side of the Room,
And gravely bow's afoon as Prayers is done.
Then sneakingly gives Short-Clock many thanks
For his good Prayers; and also for his Pranks,
Then Scrapes a Legg and calmly takes his leave.

Thus the poor easie Cuckold they deceive.
Let all be judge who is th' greatest winner,
The publick or the private Cunning Sinner:
Faith I think neither, both at last may have
Another punishment besides the Grave?

They preach against the Clergy take more pains,
In hopes at last their Livings to obtain,
But that must be when Monarchs do not Raign.
Then knowing Monarchy stands in their way,
It is no marvel they so faintly Pray
For *Charles* and *James* every good Sabboth day.

Oh,

Oh, could they get the Staff once more in Hand,
They'd bridle *King* and *Kingdoms*, *Lawes* and *Lands*.
Nay if they durst, wou'd *Heaven* next Command.
O let them still by Heaven be withstood,
And valu'd less than *Lucifer's* all Brood.
Those as a Parallel to them I bring,
Both striving with this difference in the thing.
Those gainst their *Heavenly* ——
But they gainst both their *Heaven* and *Earthly King*.
But yet a *King* so gracious, good, and great,
Makes all our joyes and happiness compleat.
Those only are excepted that we see,
Fain would be *Monarchs*, *Kings* as well as he.
Go on (most *Loyal Sir*) to serve your *King*,
Your *City*, *Country*, so us comforts bring.
You have done nothing but what *Law* directs,
Those that withstand you, may they find neglect
Both from their fellow *Subjects* and their *Prince*,
Till they beg pardon for their great offence.
You have both Laws of *God* and *Man* to show,
For what you do; then let the factious know,
They may to *Hell* after their *Fathers* go.
'Tis you that next to *Majesty* must stop
The raging *Zeal*, 'tis you that are the Prop,

Sup-

Supporter and preserver of our right.
Go on, and may *Heaven* still your *Candle Light*
Encrease your reason, and like *Mordecai*,
Hammon withstand that wou'd our *Peace* destroy.
Base *factious Spirits*, what is't you'd see,
Those ills which none but *Heaven* can remedy?
Have you a mind to see *intestine Thunder*,
The Plagues of eating *Swords*, *Domestick Blunder*.
See the scorn'd *Father* striking at his Sons,
Who without Mercy on their *Father* runs;
See the *Sons* base *Revenge* upon their *Father*,
Who never leave till *all* lie *Dead* together.
Friend fighting *friend*, a *brother* killing *brother*,
Sparing his own *blood* less than any other.

Beware, beware! I say take heed in time,
Before your Souls feed on such *Hellish* crimes.
Let your own reason clear your blinded eyes,
And as you older are, still grow more wise.
Beware those Monsters that have taught your Zeals,
First to destroy your Prince whom God anoints,
Then brings destruction to your public Weals,
Who never leave whilst all be out of joyn't.

All greived Loyal soule weep bloody tears,
To see you drawn by jealousies and fears,
To act those things, must murdring sorrow bear.
Is it so long since that you have forgot
Can you so soon wash out those Royal spots
Of sacred Innocent blood. Or remember
Your *January* was worse than damn'd *November*.
One but contriv'd, the other Stop't that breath
For which we suffered since, Fire, Sword, and Death.
Yet do your private Teachers dare to lay
It was the Hand of God, my Friends I pray:
Behold Almighty's Judgments still are just,
They speak you fair, and at the same time thrust
A Sword quite up unto the Hilts within
Your Bodies; yet it does not pierce the skin.
It is the sword of faction and Rebellion,
Discord, Dissention, Plagues that lead to Hell on.
They have tongues of adders, Serpents, Snakes, ate evils
That walk like Saints, demurely, grave and civil,
Yet teach and preach damn'd Doctrine fit for Devils.
Shall we be taught to disobey a Prince
Whom Heaven protected, can the world convince
From Zealots rage, and Traytors hands long since.

Must

Muſt we be led by th' Noſe till Wars are coming,
By zealous prayer created, preach't by cunning,
Holy Long winded fervent religious men,
Who ſeem as innocent as the pretty VVren,
Yet if well try'd we eaſily may find
They unto none but to themſelves are kind:
Envies all happineſs but what's their own
Have humble out-ſids, inwardly o're grown
With pride, Ambition, and ſelf-intereſt
Longing with Crowns, themſelves for to inveſt,
Though to the ruin of all ſacred breſts.
For what is Monarchy to them that ſay,
They are all Monarchs, zealouſly can pray:
Such deeds as theſe if not forbore will bring
Once more the Judgments of an Heavenly King;
Let not Religious Cloak your Bodies cover,
And under that both Prince and Country Smother.
To make your ſelves more hateful and leſs good
Than *Oliver* and his Rebellious Brood?
Let not your Loyal fellow ſubject weep,
And let my weary Muſe retire to ſleep,
Who never can find reſt until ſhe ſees
Your Loyaltie, too like the Northern freeze,
Flame for your Prince in the warm South degrees.

Let not fond zeal no longer blind our eyes
In *England* to creat new Tragedies.
Let us not reſt until our Souls we find
More Loyal grown, and to our Prince more kind.
Endeavouring ſtill to imitate thoſe Quires
That with their Hearts, and Harps and ſacred Lyres,
Sing to their Heavenly King, who can alone
Set who he pleaſes (Kings) on Earthly Thrones.

FINIS.

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